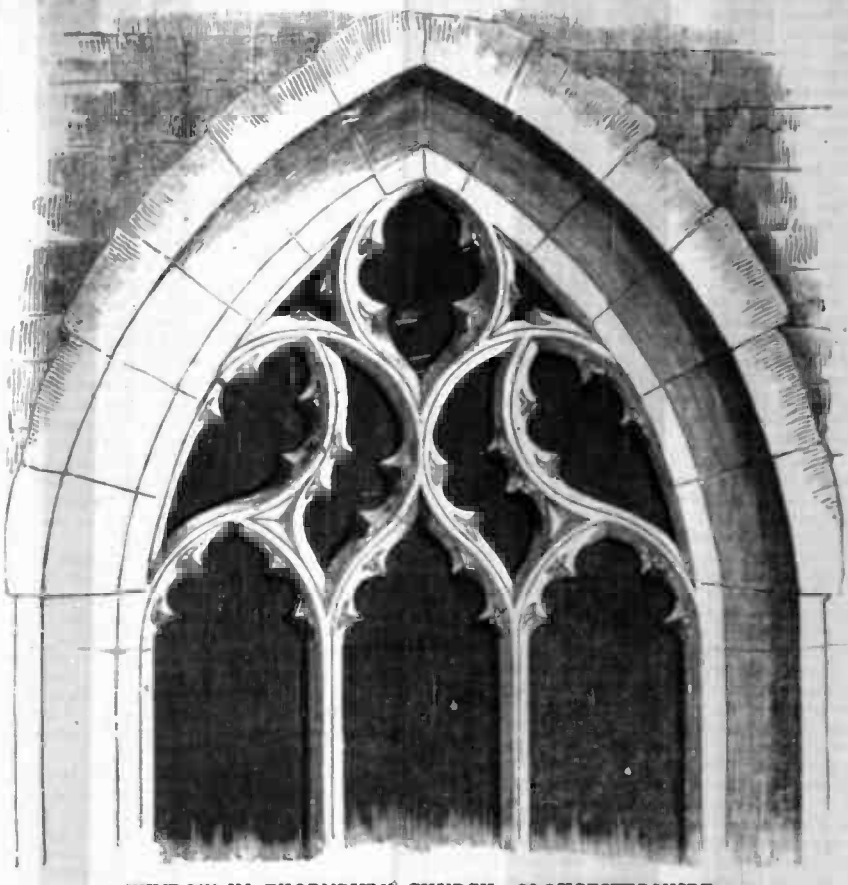


WINDOW IN THORNBURY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

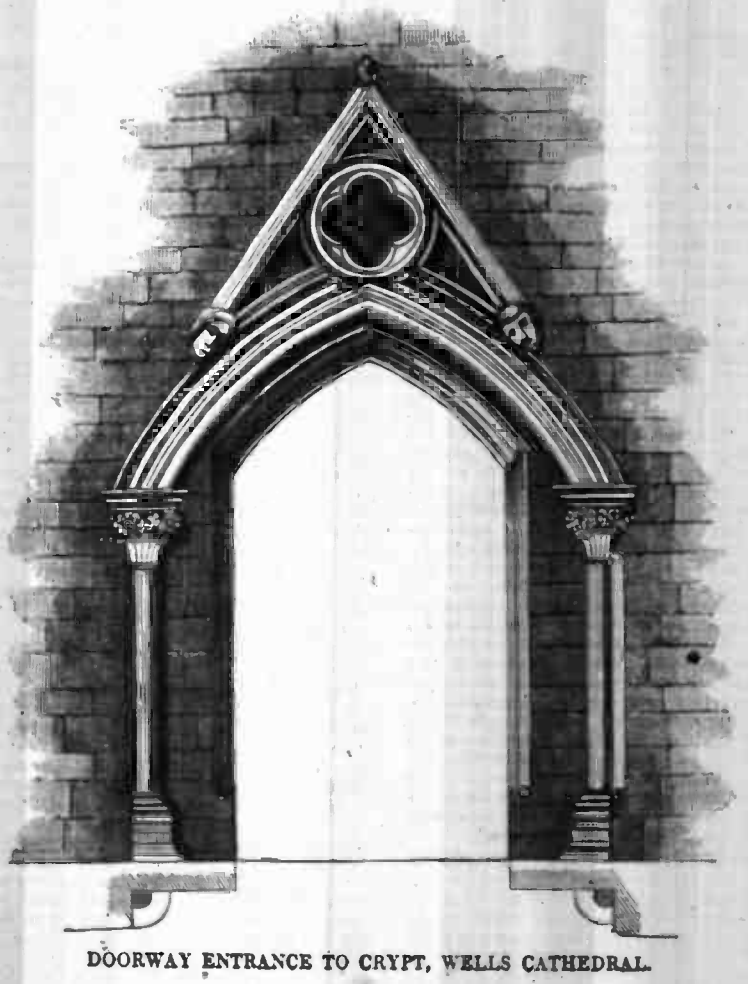
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—If you think the above drawing worthy of a place in your magazine, it is at your disposal. For my own part, I see no reason why doorways, &c. of less elaborate parts should not be engraved for the benefit of the student as well as those splendid ones we meet with in various parts of the country.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

I. N. HAWTIN.

Bristol, August 21, 1843.



DOORWAY ENTRANCE TO CRYPT, WELLS CATHEDRAL.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Fine Arts form but one great family, the members of which constitute so many links of the same chain, although, to our thinking, there exist two distinct sources from whence inspiration may be drawn, namely, the *physical* and every-day world that appears to us under an endless variety of forms, and strikes on our senses in a hundred different modes, borrowing at one time the sarcasm of irony, and at another, the touching simplicity which leads us to appreciate Nature's exquisite beauties; and the *symbolical* world modelled upon religious dogmas, and handed down by tradition from age to age, in which imitation plays but a secondary part, and objects are merely delineated to recal the ideas they are intended to convey. The artist here becomes a high priest, and acts under the direction of a religious instinct that points out what he is to inscribe on canvass, on stone, or on marble; the same religious inspiration guides him in all things—religion makes use of him as the faithful instrument of her ideographical writing, while she views the various *chefs-d'œuvre* of art only as a solemn and lasting means of addressing posterity to the latest ages. For albeit we give the preference to these creations of the *symbolical* world that abound in the beautiful ogival structures that THE BUILDER is often pleased to reproduce for the instruction and amusement of its readers, we should think ourselves unjust were we wholly to overlook the productions of what we denominate the *physical* world, especially when the hand of a creative genius has set his stamp upon them; and on this account is it that we address you these few lines on the Hogarths discovered at Vauxhall, and brought to light and life again in the most felicitous manner by the conscientious and patient talents of the clever picture-cleaner, Mr. Gwennap, who may lay claims to the appellation of an artist.

On visiting the studio of Mr. Gwennap, in Titchbourne-street, Piccadilly, we examined several paintings worthy in all respects of the pencil that delineated "Marriage à la Mode," and all those charming pictures to which the public has free access at the National Gallery. "A Moonlight," "The Bonfire," and "The Bird's Nest," are the three leading pictures of this new collection of paintings redeemed from the smoke of the *fêtes* of Vauxhall, and which, thanks to Mr. Gwennap's renovating powers, have recovered, one its soft moonlight tints combined with the magical effects of a lamp that lights up the scene in the true Rembrandt fashion; the other, the bright glare and hot-looking effects of a fire; and the third, all the pure freshness of early morning. Mr. Gwennap has also renovated a "Judgment of Paris," attributed to Hogarth, in which the three goddesses, attired in the dresses of Louis the Fifteenth's time, are displaying their graces before a Paris, whom the painter has converted into a French *Pierrot*, no doubt intended as a double satire against the historical style, and the school of Watteau. This picture forcibly reminded us of a burlesque Judgment of Paris, painted by a French artist of some merit, M. Roehn, who has transformed Helen's lover into a cobbler, and the three goddesses into three saucy-looking peasant girls, who have applied to the Paris of the last to settle their respective claims to the possession of the neatest foot and leg. Although the French painter has imparted a great deal of *naïveté* and grace to his subject, he is, to our thinking, far surpassed by Hogarth in the personification of his figures. Those among your readers, Mr. Editor, who are fond of the fine arts, ought by all means to make a pilgrimage to Titchbourne-street, where they will find in Mr. Gwennap a well-informed dilettante and the most obliging of cicerones, who, besides the above mentioned, can shew them several other curious and interesting pieces, amongst which we particularly noticed a little sketch, sadly injured by time, but a gem in its way, entitled, "The Student;" and should any of the said visitors feel disinclined to follow the fashion of the day, and add their quota to the thousands who tender the pledge to Father Mathew, we only wish they would request Mr. Gwennap to shew them "The Debauchee," which "holds the mirror up to nature," and tells a "plain, unvarnished tale" with such startling and homely truthfulness, as to induce the most unbelieving to become a zealous proselyte to the great apostle of temperance. Surely, Mr. Editor, you will not refuse to promote so good an end, by inserting these few lines from one of your subscribers.

A MEMBER (though a silent one and without a diploma) OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

August 16th.

A jetty, similar to that at Margate, is to be erected at Dover, in consequence of the inconvenience attendant upon the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers. A meeting was held on Friday at the Town Hall, and it was determined to commence immediately.

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